

WALKING IRISH BEACH

I listen to her
booming voice
enthralled.
She speaks in symbols
too, arranged fresh
each morning in
sand. Tableaus
of shells, pebbles,
bits of wood,
seaweed, plastic.
I photograph &
pocket a few pieces
admiring her aesthetics
but sadly fall short
of deciphering
her code.

PAST MIDWAY POINT

Leaves are beginning to form again.
Below birdfeeder a few seeds
have sprouted ... a strange array
of foreigners at lawn's edge.
Clouds many shapes & shades
of gray race overhead.
Nearby Ziggy chews a mulberry
twig to shreds then gets
up & whines at back door.
Last Saturday on my mother's
68th birthday (past midway
point in my life) I
entered another world.

PRIVILEGE

Privilege is painful.
It breeds jealousy
guilt & fear.
But it's no biggy.
Life's twin sister
sees to that.